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On the Wide Atlantic.

Five hundred souls,—five hundred souls
Afloat on ocean wide;
The sky above, the sea beneath—
The sea on every side,
Some are glad, and some are sad,
Some half dead with pain;
Oh! God how many hopes and fears, how many smiles,
how many tears,
Are tossing on the main.

Sometime the sea is smooth as glass,
And sunshine warm and bright
Doth spread upon the waters blue
A path of glorious light.
Ah! what a fitting emblem this
Of those who know not pain,
Who, smiling midst the sobs and tears, and hoping
midst life's many fears,
Ride bravely o'er the main.

But oftener far the sea is fierce,
And dark, and wild, and black;
Great waves before the quivering ship,
And white foam in her track.
Ah! what an emblem this of hearts
That can no comfort find!
With naught but huge black waves before, that hide the
longed for country's shore,
With naught but foam behind.

But, let the waves be great or small,
The vessel n'ere is still;
She flyeth on through storm and calm
Her journey to fulfill.
So 'tis with life, that rusheth on
And may not ever stay;
A mighty voice doth "onward!" cry, until ye all the
land desery!
Aye, onward night and day.

Onward! till the land is reached—
The ship moored to the shore;
'Till land is gained where each shall dwell
Forever, ever more.

Five hundred souls, five hundred souls,
Upon life's ocean tossed,
Far off doth stretch the heavenly strand, yet hell's
rocks in the waters stand,
Oh! Christ that none be lost!

A. A. B.

Thoughts on Science and the Age in which we live.

AN ESSAY, READ BEFORE THE NOTRE DAME SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION, MAY 15, 1871.

Our age has often, and we believe with truth, been denominated an age of progress and general enlightenment. To satisfy ourselves that such is the case, we need only consult the pages of history, compare the different ages of the world with "the living present," and all our doubts, if we have any about the question, will immediately vanish. We will find that in the primitive ages of the world all nations, with few exceptions, were buried in ignorance and barbarism, living like the present nomadic tribes of Asia, or like the rude Indians of America. During the succession of ages which followed—the long period which

intervened between that time and the present, we shall discover a gradual progression in the material and social progress of man—a progress so remarkable that it cannot fail to strike the mind of even the most casual reader of history. The peoples who first made their appearance on the stage of advancement and civilization, were few in number. These, however, were soon followed by others, and the number has been gradually and uninterruptedly augmented ever since. The few countries which first make their egress out of that universal darkness in which they had been enveloped, and attract our notice by the cultivation of the arts and sciences—by their marked superiority over other nations in matters of religion and civil government are Egypt, Chaldea, and, at a later period, Rome. The former country has ever since the earliest times been called "the cradle of science," for here it was that several branches of the mathematics, especially geometry and surveying had their origin. Chaldea, whose antiquity is even greater than that of Egypt, is famous for being the land in which astronomy and the once far-famed science of astrology was first studied. Greece, the mistress antiquity, was the seat of literature and science and in particular of the fine arts; or in the language of poets, "the fount of all knowledge." But had it not been for their assiduous cultivation of "these polished arts which have humanized mankind," their successful study of the sciences, which so pre-eminently distinguish a nation's superiority in power and mental culture, these nation's, too, would, like nearly all others of antiquity have passed away without leaving even a remnant of their former existence.

But in looking over the history even of these countries, separated from the rest of the world by all the marks which determine the difference between a civilized and a barbarous people, we find that they were deprived of the comforts, conveniences, and what might be called the luxuries, of the moderns—what we would deem the indispensable necessities of life. We very naturally demand a reason for this seeming paradox, and are anxious to know why such was the case. This is the answer. The ancients, unlike the moderns, attended to the elegant and pleasing, rather than to the useful arts, they applied themselves to theoretical, rather than to practical science; studied what would afford pleasure and amusement, rather than what would give ease and comfort. The writings and opinions of the greatest geniuses of Greece and Rome prove this. Plato, the prince of Grecian philosophers, taught his disciples that they should learn arithmetic not that they might become skillful in the ordinary transactions of life, but that they might be able to study the properties of numbers, and contemplate pure and abstract truth. Geometry, according to him, was to be studied merely as a discipline for the mind—as a means for developing the intellectual powers of man, and not for any practical good which might result therefrom. Astronomy, as he says in his "Republic," should be studied with the same end in view. To study it for the purpose of advancing man's material good—for increasing his power or ameliorating his condition; to pursue it as a means of obtaining

practical knowledge about the motions of the heavenly bodies, the different seasons of the year; its application to agriculture and navigation, would be, in his opinion, to degrade a useful science—occupations worthy only of the vulgar herd. Archimedes, undoubtedly the greatest mathematician of antiquity, who struck with astonishment the besiegers of Syracuse, by the strange and destructive engines of war which he invented, and who might have done a great and lasting good to the world had he been more practical and experimental in his studies, considered it a disgrace, a mere recreation, to stoop from theory to practice. The truth is, he lived in an age that did not favor inventions or discoveries and could not appreciate the merits of an inventive genius. The opinions of the Roman philosophers concerning the study and application of the sciences were no less absurd than those of the Greeks. Seneca, one of the principal representatives of the former, disclaims, with great vehemence, against all inventions whatever, all applications of science which tend to enlarge the empire of man over matter. He says that philosophy, in which all science was then included, *non est instrumentorum ad necessarios usus opifex!* How different this system of philosophy from that of the moderns. We will, for the present, consider Plato as the representative of the ancients, both because he was one of their greatest philosophers, and because he expresses, better than any other, the sentiments of his age and country. From the moderns we will select Lord Bacon who was undoubtedly one the most acute and practical philosophers that ever lived. The former, like all the rest of his countrymen, believed only in speculation and intellectual development; the latter regarded all as useless and superfluous which did not directly tend towards "utility and progress." The former attempted impossibilities, and, as a natural consequence, failed most signally; he endeavored to raise man to a perfection which his nature is incapable of attaining; he considered only the faculties of the mind and neglected entirely the wants and comforts of the body. Far different is the modern system of philosophy, of which Bacon is one of the chief exponents, and far different is the light in which science is considered. Instead of discoursing on the *summum bonum*, the origin of the world, the existence of good and evil, of indifference to pain and misfortune, as did the philosophers of the Portico and Academy; or of recognizing the absurd and contradictory principles and theories of the Stoics, Cynics, Pythagoreans and Epicureans, the moderns have aimed at a mark less high, it is true, but tangible; they have adopted theories less imposing, less flattering to the pride of man, but practicable. Instead of teaching him to be indifferent in sickness and distress, to consider them as necessary evils, modern science and philosophy have made the greatest possible efforts to assuage his pains and comfort him in his afflictions. What sensible person, for instance, would say that Pythagoras and the Cynic Diogenes were greater benefactors to mankind than Dr. Jenner, who made the first experiment in vaccination, or Sir Humphrey Davy, the inventor of the safety lamp, an instrument which has been the

means of saving thousands of lives. One thousand years were spent by the philosophers of antiquity in useless disputations and in forming new theories about things which were of no real practical value, and in the end the world was no wiser and the condition of mankind no better than it was before. What, can any student of history tell me, was done during that long period extending from the time of Socrates until the reign of Justinian, by whose orders, the schools of philosophy were closed? Nothing, positively nothing, was done to ameliorate man's material condition or to alleviate the sufferings incidental to his nature. Philosophical argumentation was all that was thought of, but practical science and real philosophy were left "severely alone." When the value of these sciences was thus estimated, can we wonder at the vast difference existing between the moral and social condition of the ancients and moderns? Can we be surprised to find that the former have derived such little benefit from what has since become, as it were, the ruler of the world? We are stricken with astonishment on beholding the progress which the fine arts made among these people. We view with ecstatic admiration their magnificent monuments and stately temples—the perfection of architecture; their productions in sculpture and painting which have furnished models for a Michael Angelo or a Raphael; their masterpieces of literature, which the transcendent genius of Tasso could imitate but could not equal, which Milton could equal but could not surpass. We look in vain, however, for the same progress in the sciences to men who shall ever be considered as the benefactors of mankind. True, antiquity produced scientists of great talent and genius, but they are known to us rather by the records of history than by any lasting good which they have conferred on their fellow-creatures. Aristotle, who possessed a most extraordinary intellect, did much towards the furtherance of science, but he is known to us only by his writings, not by any inventions or discoveries. Some of the great mathematicians of antiquity, it is true, made a few useful discoveries, but they can bear no comparison to those of Watt, Morse, Newton, Bacon, Kepler, Laplace, Pascal, Fulton, Franklin and many others of scarcely less renown.

But we must not be too severe in our criticism on the ancients, because they were not as practical as they might have been. Their studies and researches in the sciences, especially in the mathematics are even to us useful and almost indispensable. Some person had to make a beginning—to discover the first principles of the sciences, or they would never have attained their present degree of perfection. Geometry, astronomy and algebra, were studied long before any practical results were produced through their means worthy of mention. The theory of these sciences, physical, natural, and mathematical, is absolutely necessary for the furtherance of inventions and discoveries. The discovery of the laws of gravitation, upon which so much depends, and from which so much has been deduced, as well as the laws governing the revolution of the heavenly bodies, were effected only after the most abstruse mathematical calculations. We must, therefore, give to Euclid, Apollonius of Pergaeus, and Appian of Alexandria, who were the principal mathematicians of antiquity, whose works are now extant, the praises which their labors and genius have so justly deserved.

Passing over the names of these great geniuses, let us for a moment consider what a great change has been effected within the last few centuries by the invention of printing, the steam-engine, and the telegraph. How different is the condition of mankind from what it was at the beginning of the sixteenth century! Now all persons can have access to stores of knowledge which were before—on account of the dearth and scarcity of books—denied them. We can now communicate with the

most distant regions of the earth without danger or difficulty. The circumnavigation of the globe, an undertaking which was a few centuries ago deemed impossible, and madness to attempt—can now be accomplished within a period that Columbus himself never dreamt of. The steam-engine, the invention of Watt, is unquestionably one of the greatest gifts ever conferred by man on his fellow creatures. It has made almost an infinite addition to the amount of human comforts and enjoyments, and has immeasurably extended the dominion of mind over matter. The luxuries of the Orient are made cheap and tangible, and the materials of wealth and prosperity are rendered accessible to all.

By the invention of the telegraph, time and space have been annihilated. We can have a message transmitted with lightening speed to the most distant parts of the earth, and an answer to the same within a few moments. The ancients, to show their gratitude to those who had been the universal benefactors of mankind, deified the inventors of even the most common things. The inventors, for instance, of the plow, loom, weights, and measures, received divine honors from those whose material condition had been by these means ameliorated. Watt, who conferred a blessing, universal and unbounded, deserves all that a grateful and admiring posterity can confer on him, and his name is worthy of nothing less than perpetual remembrance.

Let us now consider the cause of the greater or less progress of mankind, and why the social and material condition of some peoples is better than that of others, and we shall have done. We have all along been hinting at the cause, but, as yet, have come to no definite conclusion. We can do so, however, by answering the following question. Does a nation become powerful, wealthy, civilized and enlightened on account of their study and practical applications of the sciences, or is their progress and proficiency in the sciences merely the consequences of their power and intellectual pre-eminence? Or more simply, can those nations who excel in the sciences claim any superiority over those who have given them no attention? Manifestly every one will, without hesitation, answer in the affirmative. No sane person, for instance, would say that Hindoostan equals England in power and greatness, nor would any one compare Persia to France in the time of Napoleon I, or the Empire of Rome to the United States. Yet Hindoostan possesses a literature of the greatest merit, and more extensive, perhaps, than that of any other nation in the world. The nature of the country and the genius of the people possess all that is required to make a great and glorious nation. The same can be said of Persia or Arabia and more particularly of the Empire of Rome. They are inferior to the American and European powers only inasmuch as they are deprived of the advantages which result from the practical cultivation of the sciences—because they do not experience the all-powerful influence of those useful inventions and discoveries which are daily becoming numerous. The oriental nations, just mentioned, seem to have had the same ideas concerning the utility of science as the ancient Greeks and Romans. They cultivated it theoretically especially mathematics, in which they have attained a remarkable degree of proficiency, as their works, which have been carefully examined by modern scholars, sufficiently testify. The notions of the ancient Europeans concerning inventions and discoveries, were somewhat different from those of the Orientals. The former considered them as unworthy of attention, as something from which an educated mind should be far removed; the latter, however, looked upon them as innovations strictly prohibited by ancient laws and customs and contrary to the will and commands of the gods. But modern, civilized nations, by whom science is viewed in its true light and according to

its intrinsic importance, pass by, unheeded, all such ideas as foolish and absurd. Science is now, and deservedly so, regarded as the only talisman of wealth, prosperity and happiness; as the highest exponent of power and intellectual superiority; as the primary index of the material and social condition of mankind, and as the most reliable touchstone of the progress and tendency of the age in which we live.

J. A. ZAHM.

Bugism.

By ALPHABET JONES, M. D. F. R. S. A. X. Y. Z., author of the "Sentimental Fly," the "Rejected Mouse," the "Hidden Tail," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.

It was midnight; the stars were where they usually are, and the sun having rolled around on the other side of this terrestrial ball, this side of it, as might be expected, had wrapped itself up in its sable night-gown of imperial darkness. The moon, she was making her nocturnal rounds in *nubibus*, and looked first rate for a female queen in such an awkward situation. Now and then the royal owl gave forth her melodious strain from the summit of her arboral throne in the deserted wilderness. The innocent hens had retired to their lofty roost, and many a nose was intoning the presence of that rather convenient invention—sleep. What a glorious prospect for a philosophic mind! What a difference there is between a sleeping man, and a man not sleeping! In law, the former would be a *nudum pactum*—an invalid contract, and the latter, a *pactum vestitum*—a valid contract. How poetically the prospect is explained! "This is greatness; this poetry!" says I to myself. "All right. Be it so! In the stilly night when—" I was going to say when I was interrupted by a shrill, venomous whistle.

"That's not human music," says I. I rose eloquently on my elbow; grasped the hickory, and says I: "Foul spirits of the sable midnight hours, wherefore and by what authority intrude ye upon—?"

"Is it him?" said another inhuman voice.

"It is himself," was the inhuman answer.

"Then go for him," clamored out a multitude of inhumans.

"Be careful," says I, "in your advances. I have known broken heads to be the result of such abrupt introductions."

"Is your name John Smith?" was all the reply I got to these remarks.

"That's my name," says I.

"John," says one of the still invisible inhumans, "John are you quite sure, there aint any bugs in this locality?"

"How are you, five dozen of ghosts?" said a squeaking little voice under the pillow.

"Boys, don't let John Smith fool you!" roared out a burly big chap, from an opening in the bed-tick.

"Put out the lights!" exclaimed a thousand inhumans.

"The hickory! the hickory!" shouted another multitude, rapidly advancing down the wall.

"Now, boys, go for him!" came from all directions. Oh! *noche triste!* I fit them bugs as no man ever fit before; and they bit me as they never bit another man before or behind. "Cowardly back-biters!" says I; "come but ten thousand at a time, and I will crush the whole of you!"

"Don't believe him," said the big burly one again.

CHAPTER V.

CONCLUSION.

The daylight was breaking far o'er the mountains; the silent monuments were looking at me from the neighboring cemetery; the piazza was under my feet; on my right was my carpet-

bag; on my left was my clothing; on my body were the scars, and on my countenance the scares of the previous night. I had been driven from the room, after a fight of two hours. The battle was ended on the piazza, where the enemy had pursued me. As soon as I got the last one beaten back, I became, at once, a *pactum restitum*. In the distance I soon beheld the old omnibus jogging over the hill. It was a great relief to me; so I gathered my traps, put my head into my guest's room, and said, in a whisper, pointing into another room: "Green, farewell!" At this crisis, the omnibus was before the gate. I got aboard. In about twenty minutes we had emerged from a woody swamp, and shortly after reached the top of a hill which gave me a full view of the place of my late disasters. I looked back, and there I beheld Mr. Green, and Mrs. Green, and the seventeen little Greens, male and female, standing in their nocturnal raiments, on that self-same piazza where lately I left it behind me. To this day, I have not had the courage to tell Mrs. G. the cause of my abrupt departure. In lieu of my explanation, she has invented one. Every time she sees a person from Smithville, she always kindly enquires: "Is John Smith still mad?"

Dead or Alive—Which?

OR, MEN AS WE FIND THEM.

BY ALTON CHESWICKE.

An aged colored man named Barney, though an active member of a church, had the weakness of taking occasionally "a sup too much." He was present at a prayer-meeting one evening and was asked to relate his experience, but unfortunately being under the influence of liquor he gained his feet with some difficulty, and casting a curious and maudlin glance over the assembly stammered out: "Bredren, my 'sperience is dat I'm alive." The congregation discovering his condition could not repress a smile at the ludicrousness of the incident, and Barney collapsed into a sitting posture. Now there is seemingly nothing in this incident which is worthy a second thought, and indeed by some I might be deemed guilty of irreverence in thus relating it if it were not for the solemn and startling import which really lies concealed in the apparently senseless remark of a half-tipsy old man. Ponder it attentively for a moment without any regard to the ludicrous side, but with an earnest endeavor to discover the deep meaning which may be attached. "My experience is that I'm alive." How many of us can truly thus assure ourselves that we possess to the full extent the precious boon of life? that we are really and truly *alive* to every faculty and capacity of our being?

And first, what is the great test of life? Is it not the faculty of sensation? If there be a temporary cessation of feeling in any part of the body, can that part be truly said to be alive? No; we have then an instance of suspended animation in that part—a suspension of life there. Has the faculty of experiencing sensation departed forever? We have then a total suspension, or rather a cessation of animation, which is nothing else than death.

Some months ago I received a letter from the relatives of a man whom I had long known and highly esteemed, and who when I had last seen him—about a year previous—was in the full tide of that health and animation which attend the prime of magnificent manhood. The letter informed me that he had been recently seized with a stroke of paralysis in its worst form, and that the terrible malady had made such progress that his life was despaired of, and that my immediate attendance at his bedside was necessary, or it might be forever too late.

As may be readily imagined, I made all possible

haste to respond to this so urgent appeal, and was soon by my old friend's side. I found him sadly changed indeed, but looking much better than I had been led to expect, although, as I shortly discovered, one side of his body was completely paralyzed.

He greeted me with a clasp from his unaffected hand, which was as warm and hearty as ever, so that at first I could scarcely realize his condition, the tide of life seemed still to throb within him so full and steadily. But after the first greeting had passed he directed my attention by a slight gesture to his helpless limbs and said: "You see, my dear fellow, I am in a bad way."

I responded with words of commiseration, expressing a hope that his condition might be neither permanent nor irremediable, and declaring the gratification I experienced in finding him still alive.

"Alive, my dear fellow," he exclaimed, with a shade of sadness in his tone, "do you call a man 'alive' who is already half dead?"

"Half dead," I repeated; "oh, no—not so bad as that, I hope."

"It about amounts to that," he replied. "In all this side there is neither sensation nor the power of motion, and where is the life when such is the case? Could this hand and arm, this useless limb, be more dead than they are, think you, if I were laid in my grave?"

"But it is only for a time, I trust," replied I, after a moment's pause; "the right side is as yet uninjured. The current of life is still strong within you and may yet assert its supremacy."

"Ah, no!" he replied, "that can never be. Death, not life, is the strongest here, and is fast winning the victory. The right side, you say, is not touched; that is true, but the left side, you know, is nearest the heart, and the disease may at any time reach that organ. I am in hourly expectation of it; the next stroke may be my last."

For a time I could not reply. I felt that my friend's words were too true. When, however, after a long pause, I attempted to offer words of cheer and consolation to this terribly afflicted man, I found that though his physical powers were so depressed, his intellectual and moral faculties were unimpaired, and that the inner life bounded more freely than ever as the mere corporal decayed. I had always believed my friend to be a man of large and vigorous heart and brain as well as physical frame, but never till now had I imagined, much less realized, the depth and freshness, the strength and copiousness of that vital tide which throbbed throughout his whole being. Already half dead as regards the body, my friend was more truly alive than ever. He needed no words of consolation to prepare himself for the great change. He looked forward to it with joyful anticipation, as an ushering into a new and extended sphere of existence, a higher plane of usefulness, wherein all his varied faculties, not one of which had been suffered to perish or even to decay through neglect or misuse, should expand into a higher, fuller realization of life than he ever had known or ever could know here.

And when, shortly after, we were called upon to perform the last sad offices for him, through this apparent victory of death I first fully awoke to the realization of what life might be. Over the wreck of mortality I first fully comprehended the immortal. Nor shall I soon forget the lesson I then and there learned.

If, then, the capacity to feel and the power to act be the test of life, to how many can it satisfactorily be applied? Not but that we find enough of vigorous and active vitality, but so low, so contracted, that it scarce merits the name of life; not such life certainly as was breathed into man by the great Creator at the commencement of his existence. We have young men—plenty of them—fully alive to the merits of a fast horse, but dead as

sticks and stones, apparently, to anything higher, to the grand march of improvement, for instance, that is going on all around them; but which, whether they know it or not, they are doing their "level best" to retard in themselves if not in others. We have older men thoroughly alive to business and business interests, and well "up" in all that may be necessary to the successful prosecution of the same, but hopelessly dead to the interests, the claims, the needs, the capacities for improvement, or the terrible results of neglect of these poor, downtrodden, yet immortal *business auxiliaries* out of whom they contrive to grind, by usually hard, too often cruel, means, what is to them the "one thing needful." Again, we have men with a brilliant capacity for spending money, but none for performing the slightest service to others whereby they might honestly earn it: and others with a grand capability for making money, but with little ability to spend it with any real advantage to themselves or others.

If this is to be alive, wherein the best part of the being is dead, rest assured that even this small modicum of life will gradually but surely die out before the encroachment of that deadness that has already taken possession of the most vital part: and the result will be, not death, perhaps, as we are accustomed to regard it, but the far more dreadful fate of living death.

We have read somewhere of a fiendish practice, not unfrequently resorted to by those monsters of the dark ages when they wished to produce a refinement of torture, of chaining a living prisoner limb to limb to a loathsome corpse, and leaving him thus in some noisome dungeon until horror turned the brain or fairly released the spirit of the miserable victim. But fearful as this may be to contemplate, we do not consider that by the neglect of the higher life that has been implanted within us, and which alone shall survive the wreck of time, we make living corpses of ourselves, from whose hideous companionship we shall never, never be released!

"Improved" vs. Unimproved Red Men.

A VICTIM OF MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

A friend of ours, who took a trip to California, said that he was not afraid of the Indians, because he belonged to the benevolent Order of Red Men, and knew all the passwords and winks, and the figurative language and things, and no savage was going to touch him, initiated and fixed up in regalia as he was. He had not gone more than a hundred miles from Omaha before a band of Indians came at him and scooped him up. He took the Chief aside and whispered the password in his ear, and gave him the grip twenty-six times on both hands, and made some observations about "fifth moons" and "happy hunting grounds."

The Chief replied in a fraternal manner by tomahawking him, and jabbing his butcher-knife into his vitals. Our friend remarked that these ceremonies were not observed in his lodge, but the Chief wanted to show him all the peculiarities of the Western system, so he scalped him and chopped off his nose, and was about to build a bonfire on his stomach when some soldiers arrived and rescued him. He is now the bald-headeddest Red Man this side of the Pacific Ocean, and you never saw a person so disgusted with secret societies and Indian poetry.

"WITH many, charity consists in giving alms, but this is only a part. To be truly charitable, we must never utter an angry word or entertain an unkind thought."

"God would speak to you oftener, if you were oftener alone."

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Commencement Day—June 21st.

As the last Wednesday of June, the day on which the Commencement Exercises are usually held at Notre Dame, comes rather close to the end of the month this year, leaving but a few days for students to get home for the national festival, (the 4th of July,) the students petitioned the Very Rev. President to anticipate the usual time of Commencement by one week, as many of them lived at such a distance that they otherwise could scarcely reach home for the "Fourth." After mature reflection and consultation on the subject, the Very Rev. President concluded that the reasons advanced in the petition were satisfactory, and accordingly announced, some days since, that the petition was granted. The announcement was received with the greatest enthusiasm by all, and we hope to see as many of our friends as can possibly come on the 21st of June.

Official.

Studies will be suspended only for *one* day in consequence of the celebration of the 31st. The students are requested not to apply for any further recreation on that occasion. This will preclude disappointment.

"Tall Oaks from Little Acorns Grow."

It is now many years since we, a bashful little schoolboy, first repeated the line above quoted, and our little heart thrilled with a delightful pleasure as we heard the applause which greeted our childish effort, from an audience composed of children, young, innocent and thoughtless as ourselves, and saw the smile of approbation which brightened the face of a few who shared the triumph of their favorite little boy, as if it were their own.

We knew not then, nor cared we to know, the special import of that line; and our thoughts never went beyond the oak tree for an explanation of the poet's meaning. But years have extended our mental grasp, and experience has made us more thoughtful. The literal signification of the words begins to fade away as the poet's mystic meaning, brought out into bold relief by thought-developing experience, presents itself to the mind in ever brightening colors, leaving upon it a picture of life with its apparently incongruous changes, instead of childhood's mental photograph of the sturdy giant of the forest.

Yes, advancing years enable us to give the true meaning of the line, thus: "Great results from little causes flow," and facts are not wanting to prove that the poet was right. How often has not the rage of passion been calmed by a mere glance of entreaty from the eye of an esteemed friend! How often has not a man, goaded on by disappointment or injustice, been made to pause in his reckless career by a single word of kindness and sympathy! How often has not a man been saved from despair and ruin by the thought of some *one* whose goodness and virtue were as a light to cheer the gloom which a world's heartlessness and deceit usually cast around a sensitive soul! And on the

other hand, how often has not enmity and even bloodshed originated in a single angry word spoken in a moment of impatience! And how often, too, has not a promising life been blighted by a single betrayal of confidence by a trusted friend! Universal experience renders it unnecessary to do more than mention these cases.

But does it not seem inconsistent with the nature of things, that causes so slight should produce such gigantic effects? Are we to reject that principle which says that the cause must be always proportioned to the effect? Were we to consider the obvious cause and the palpable effect independently of the accompanying circumstances, we would certainly be forced, as reasonable beings, to declare that there is an inconsistency in these cases, and that the cause is not proportioned to the effect. But when we remember that the cause, to which these great results are attributed, does not operate alone, but calls into successive action a multitude of other causes which concur in the production of the result, all inconsistency disappears and the principle involved in the second question is saved from contradiction.

Thus when we say that the rage of passion may be calmed by a look of entreaty from an esteemed friend, we are far from believing that that look has in itself the power of operating such a change; for another equally worthy, but not equally esteemed, might in the same circumstances bestow a look of even greater interest and entreaty and fail to produce a like effect. What is it, then, in the glance of a friend that stills the rage of passion? It is simply the circumstances connected with friendship, which are converted into co-operating causes and give efficacy to a mere glance to still the tempest of the soul—our esteem for that friend is aroused by that look, and our natural desire to please him by conforming to his wishes revives with it, then the innate benevolence of human nature, stifled for a time by the violence of passion, resumes its wonted influence, and all these new forces range themselves under the standard of that friendly glance, and do successful battle against a perverted propensity.

"Very well, then," some one may now say; "if that be the case, you cannot claim that it was the entreating look of that friend that produced the result attributed to it."

We cannot claim, nor do we pretend to claim, that that look *alone* produced the result, and yet it is just and proper to say that it was really that look which did restore tranquillity to the angry mind; for it was the primary cause of that result, since it put into operation the auxiliary causes which completed the effect, and without it these causes would have remained dormant and ineffectual. It is not the huntsman in reality that kills the deer, yet without the huntsman the deer would not be killed—the bullet kills the deer, the powder impels the bullet, the percussion cap ignites the powder, the stroke of the rifle-hammer calls forth the active principle of the percussion cap, but it is the huntsman who disposes and directs the stroke of the hammer, and hence we properly say that he killed the deer, even though deprived of his rifle and ammunition, he would be unable to accomplish such a result. So it is with those slight causes to which great results are attributed, which, though independently of other causes they would be ineffectual, still are necessary to give the first impulse and therefore are properly looked upon as the real causes of the effects produced.

But what does all this philosophizing amount to? Simply this: it furnishes us an explanation of many things which to the generality of men are obscure, and places before our minds the true methods of action in our dealings with others, if we really desire to do good. Let us illustrate. We often hear the expression: "A mild answer turneth away wrath," and the authority of this declaration is based upon the most solid founda-

tion—the word of God Himself,—yet this is often misunderstood and misapplied. How frequently do we not hear a parent, a teacher, a superior of any department, say, after a fruitless attempt to lead a wayward child, pupil or subject to a sense of propriety by kindness: "I have spoken kindly to him; I have used mildness without any other effect than to make him still worse." And this they say to justify the severe measures which they subsequently take, while they practically, if not theoretically, doubt the truth of him who says: "A mild word turneth away wrath," and not unfrequently such unsuccessful experimenters would persuade others to doubt also, and laugh at those who still believe. But why do these persons fail? Because the link of sympathy is wanting. Former severity or deception had killed the confidence and respect which otherwise would have existed. The child, pupil or subject, as the case may be, does not believe that such kindness is sincere, and this suspicion of deceit or of a selfish motive so far from exciting esteem and prompting the inferior to follow the advice or direction of the superior, rather destroys any remnant of esteem and confidence that may be left and arouses an instructive opposition. To apply successfully the rule of mildness (the only sensible rule) you must possess the confidence and esteem of him to whom you would apply it—otherwise you will not succeed—you do not deserve to succeed; and to win the confidence of another, especially of a young person, you must *be sincere* in all your dealings with such an one; for hypocrisy will inevitably be detected, and by none more readily than by the young.

Another example of misapplied wisdom and we have done. This we take also from the book of all truth and wisdom. We have all heard the oft quoted passage: "Spare the rod and spoil the child," yet how woefully is the recommendation abused! Physical punishment, or correction with the rod, is sometimes expedient and perhaps sometimes necessary. But it is resorted to both unnecessarily and inexpediently nine hundred and ninety-nine times for the once that it is used through necessity, and in nine cases out of ten in which it would be calculated to do good if rightly applied, it is administered injudiciously and therefore becomes a source of evil and injury.

Why do parents, teachers, and others having charge of the young, inflict physical punishment on them? The only legitimate motive can be to punish them for having done wrong *with a view to make them do better in the future*. But no one will become better unless he is made to understand the difference between right and wrong, and his *mind* is convinced of the importance of doing what is right. Now, if a parent, for instance, with anger in his face, flogs his child because he has transgressed some paternal command, and thus makes him feel that he is punished for disobedience to his father, without being made to understand the right and wrong of the case, who does not see at once that the natural result of such a punishment will be to make the child hate his father, and long for the time when he will be no longer subject to him? Who does not see that such treatment naturally stimulates that inherent opposition of our nature to mere physical control, and that this propensity, restrained externally, is nourished in secret and bursts out with violence the moment that external restraint is no longer feared.

The proper manner of applying physical punishment is beautifully illustrated by an anecdote which we read many years ago: A certain gentleman had a very unruly son. He had reasoned with him in mildness, and pictured to his mind the dreadful consequences of his reckless conduct; but the boy seemed only to grow worse (his was a case in which to spare the rod was to spoil the child); finally, after the boy had committed some unusually grave offence, the father determined to try flogging as a last resort. But how did he pro-

ceed? He took him to a private room, and after having explained to him, as he had often done before, the nature of the offence, he quietly produced his rod and told the boy he at last found it to be his duty to punish him. He did so vigorously, but not cruelly, and for every stroke he gave his boy he inflicted two upon himself, and after each stroke he kissed his son, with tears in his eyes, and said in tones full of genuine love and tenderness: "You see, my son, I do not punish you in anger; but you have committed a great fault, and thereby offended God more than you did me; for that fault you merit punishment, but, as you see, I am willing, while I inflict that punishment upon you, to take my share of it also." He continued thus till the boy, conquered more by the father's love than by pain, begged him to give all the punishment to him as he alone was the offender. The father then ceased to punish, and that boy never needed to be whipped again.

How very few punish in this manner! and yet this is the only spirit in which punishment can be administered, with any hope of doing good.

If we would only think more, and study more carefully the true meaning of wise sayings, we would quote less, blame less, and act more in accordance with true wisdom, and be more successful in our efforts to do good.

The Champion Banquet.

On Wednesday afternoon, at 3:30 p. m., the Champion Base-Ball Club,—"Star of the West," gave a magnificent banquet, which displayed at once their munificence, generosity and noble spirit. The vanquished club,—"Star of the East," were there, and occupied the first seats at the banquet. The "Juanitas," (Senior club,) who had early in the season surrendered at discretion, and without a fight, to the all-conquering Juniors, were there also. The "Excelsiors" (Junior) were there to grace the triumph of their fellows.

There were also present at this joy feast the Very Rev. President, Father Corby, and the Rev. Vice-President, Father Lemonnier, with several of the Rev. Fathers and a number of the Professors, all of whom enjoyed themselves and the good things set before them.

The banquet opened with soul-stirring music by the Band, whose members then laid aside their horns, drums and cymbals, to join in the feasting which now became general.

The victorious "Star of the West" smiled delightedly on all and made every one feel happy, and at home by their cheerful and polite attentions.

Bro. Aloysius, under whose superintendence and by whose efforts this joy-feast was prepared, was the very soul of the festivity. He always shines, but never more brightly than when actually displaying that natural, rich bounty for which he is remarkable, or when otherwise making others happy.

At the close of the banquet, the Very Rev. President arose and addressed our entertainers in his usual kind, fatherly manner, and all retired, to the lively strains of music from the Band.

We tender our sincere thanks to good Brother Aloysius and to the Champion "Star" for their kindness in making us participators in their joy, and we sincerely hope that the "Star of the West" may shine ever more brilliantly, not only in athletic sports, but in every department of physical and intellectual excellence.

The typographical corps also tender their acknowledgements for attentions extended to them by the Champion Club.

A GENERAL rehearsal of the grand Cantata for the 31st, took place in the Junior study-hall on Wednesday evening. From the eminent success of this rehearsal, we feel safe in promising all who are destined to hear them on the 31st, a rare treat.

A RACE between the Sancta Maria and the Pinta will take place on the 31st inst., at three o'clock P. M. The respective crews of these excellent crafts are in earnest training for the contest, and we may expect a lively time.

THE game of base-ball reported in another column closes the campaign for '70 and '71, leaving the Junior Club—"Star of the West"—champions of Notre Dame. The Juniors compare favorably with their Seniors, both in field sports and in studies. We wish them success.

MR. JAMES BONNEY, artist, is now prepared to take pictures of the various classes that may wish to preserve the memory of class associations. We saw a picture of the Commercial classes, taken by him in one group of more than eighty persons, and think it one of the best group pictures we ever saw.

RECEIVED.—American Colleges and the American Public, by Noah Porter, D.D., Prof. in Yale College. New Haven: Charles C. Chatfield & Co. Publishers. This is a handsome volume on a great subject, but we cannot form any opinion of its merits yet, as we have not had the time to examine it. We shall however give our views of the book in a future number of the SCHOLASTIC.

We are delighted to hear that several of the Most Rev. Archbishops and Right Rev. Bishops, together with a number of the Rev. Clergy, kindly accepted the invitation to be present at the blessing of the corner-stone of the new Church at Notre Dame, on the 31st inst. We sincerely hope that no unforeseen obstacle will deprive us of the joy and consolation which their presence will ever afford us.

Arrivals.

John Hogan,	Chicago, Illinois.
Edward Mulhenny,	Toledo, Ohio.
Louis Busch,	Chicago, Illinois.
George Voelker,	Salt Lake City, Utah.
Thomas Philips,	Escanaba, Michigan.
Thomas Bradwell,	Chicago, Illinois.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

May 19.—W. Crenshaw, T. Ireland, J. Rourke, Thos. O'Mahoney, T. J. Murphy, M. Keely, J. McGlynn, Thos. Dundon, Robt. Finley, Jac. Mulquin.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

May 19.—Geo. Crummey, E. Gault, J. Taylor, D. McOskar, P. Reilly, S. Dum, C. Berdell J. McGuire, J. F. McHugh, D. Brown, F. Arentz, J. Anderson.

M. A. J. B., Sec.

New Publications.

THE HOLY COMMUNION; IT IS MY LIFE, by Hubert Lebon. Translated from the French by M. A. Garrett, Baltimore: Murphy & Co., Publishers. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1871.

This neat volume, of 315 pages, 12mo., contains, besides many doctrinal points, fervent aspirations of love towards the most Holy Eucharist, together with abundant passages, full of love and faith from the Holy Fathers, and other writers of well-known piety. To these are added acts of love, confidence, adoration, etc.; a Litany of the Love of God, with a short and appropriate method of hearing Mass before Communion.

This book should be in the hands of every Catholic, especially every Catholic youth. It would be a most appropriate book for premiums in our Catholic schools, and for First Communion gifts. The writer, the translator and the publishers deserve the gratitude of all pious readers.

The Thirteenth Annual Summer Entertainment,

BY THE MEMBERS OF THE ST. CECILIA PHILOMATHEAN ASSOCIATION, AND THE VOCAL CLASS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

Complimentary, this year to the Most Rev. J. B. Purcell, D.D., the Patriarchal Archbishop of the West, and to his zealous co-laborers.

To be given Wednesday evening, May 31, 1871, seven o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

Grand Entrance March.....N. D. U. C. Band
Music.....Orchestra

"THE PICNIC"—A CANTATA.

WORDS BY GEORGE COOPER.

Music by J. R. Thomas.

Given by the Vocal Classes of the University, under the direction of Prof. M. T. Corby, A. M.

Soprani—R. Staley, A. Foster, A. Filson, J. O'Hara, T. Smith, J. Quill, G. Hoffman, J. Campbell, J. Whitney, J. McDonald, A. Hoerber, C. Ortmyer, J. Kinkeade.

Alti—R. Hutchings, F. Obert, S. Goodhue, J. Rumely, T. Foley, L. Montedonico, F. Huck, W. Butters, J. Hoover, H. Quann, W. Fletcher, E. Shea, J. Shanks, J. McGuire, L. Hayes.

Tenori—G. Riopelle, V. Hackmann, C. Hutchings, J. McHugh, C. Duffy, N. Mitchell, D. Luddington V. Tournoux, A. Brown, W. Crenshaw, T. O'Mahony, V. VonCeulebreucke, B. Roberts, D. Egan, W. Roberts, J. M. Marcus.

Bassi—W. C. Stillwagen, L. Roth, H. Cuiver, G. Darr, John A. Zahm, Charles Berdel, J. H. Gillespie, W. C. McMichael.

Introduction.....Piano
Chorus—"The Gathering".....Full Chorus
Solo—"Merrily over the Waters".....A. Filson
Chorus (Unaccompanied)—"Up the hill and down the dale".....Chorus
Solo and Chorus—"Under shady boughs".....R. Staley and Chorus.
Duet—"Lily-bells and roses".....G. Riopelle and V. Hackman.
Chorus—"Now the sunny leaves" (Waltz).....Chorus
Solo and Chorus—"A jolly gool laugh".....V. Hackmann and Chorus.
Trio—"Over cool and velvet mosses".....R. Staley, A. Filson, J. Rumely, R. Hutchings.
Chorus—"The Storm—"Oh, Hark!".....Chorus
Chorus—"What glory crowns the day".....Chorus
Duet—"Sunshine after rain".....R. Staley and A. Filson
Trio (Unaccompanied)—"Ye Mountain lands, Farewell!".....W. C. Stillwagen, G. Riopelle, C. Hutchings, N. Mitchell, V. Hackmann.
Chorus (Finale)—"Homeward Bound".....Chorus
Address from the Students.....T. O'Mahony
Music.....N. D. U. C. Band
Prologue.....C. Dodge
Music—Overture to Dame Blanche.....Orchestra

FIDELITY; OR, THE WHITE KNIGHT:

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

Arranged for the occasion by a Member of the Faculty.

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY.

ACT I.

SCENE—SCOTCH FARM HOUSE.

Scotch mountaineers meet at Mr. Dickson's house to celebrate the baptism of his son, but no one can be found worthy to stand as godfather to Mr. Dickson's son, and the baptism is about to be put off, when a young officer named George Brown arrives and cheerfully consents to be the godfather. George, who is of a mirthful and inquisitive turn of mind, learns from the mountaineers that the country is much haunted by ghosts, etc., and that in yonder castle of Avenel a White Knight appears at night on the battlements. Dickson, the farmer, confirms this by a story, assuring George that he

saw the White Knight himself. That same evening Dickson received a note purporting to come from the White Knight, and commanding him to come to the Castle of Avenel at midnight. Dickson is extremely perplexed and frightened, but George consoles him by telling him that he will go in his stead and will meet the White Knight.

ACT II.

SCENE—CASTLE OF AVENEL.

Old Marcolin, the servant of Avenel castle, tells us that if Julian, the rightful heir, should return he would die in peace. Donald, an orphan boy, who was brought up with Julian, consoles Marcolin, and tells him that he has great hopes in Julian's return. Gaveston, the greedy steward, has prepared everything so that the sale of the Castle of Avenel will take place next morning. He intends to purchase it and thus defraud the family of Avenel, whose heir (Julian) has not been heard from for many years. Suddenly the bell of the castle rings, and George is introduced and obtains permission to pass the night in the castle, in order to have a chat, he says, with the White Knight. Gaveston, who suspects nothing, grants the request of George. The White Knight, who is nothing else but Donald in disguise, appears to George and tells him that the sale of the castle is to take place in the morning, and that he, George, must purchase it, in order that it fall not in to the hands of the greedy Gaveston. George, much astounded at the apparition, promises to bid, and buy the castle, providing money be given him by the White Knight. The sale takes place, and George, the highest bidder, becomes proprietor, to the utter discomfiture of Gaveston. All the mountaineers, who had in vain put their purses together against Gaveston, are delighted to see their friend George becoming the owner of the estate of Avenel.

ACT III.

SCENE—THE GOTHIC HALL.

Donald rejoices at the thought that the estate of Avenel has not fallen in to the hands of the unjust spoiler, Gaveston. However, as he is to find the money wherewith to pay for George's purchase, he is much dismayed by the following discovery: When the Countess of Avenel died, she told Donald that in case of extreme need he would find in the statue of the White Knight an immense sum of money. Donald looks in vain for that statue which has disappeared from the hall. He questions old Marcolin, who tells him that the statue left the castle on the night of the Count's departure and buried itself in some secret passage of the ruins, from which it will not return until the rightful heir of Avenel himself return to the castle. Such was the old prophecy. Marcolin at last remembers the secret passage wherein the statue is buried. Donald is informed of it, and the money is found. Twelve o'clock, the hour appointed for paying the sum, is on the point of striking. Gaveston, who knows that George is without means to pay for the estate, enters with an air of triumph, and Judge McIrton summons George to pay forthwith or else go to jail. At this juncture, Donald, in the disguise of the White Knight, appears and stands on the pedestal where the statue stood formerly. He proclaims George the rightful heir of the estate. George is recognized by all as the much-looked for Julian of Avenel, whom treachery and foul play had estranged from Scotland. Gaveston, enraged, tears off the disguise of the White Knight and discovers Donald. The mountaineers return thanks to Heaven. George, now Julian of Avenel, and Donald rejoice at the happy turn of affairs by which their old friendship is renewed and the family of Avenel secured against vile spoilers.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

George Brown—Officer of the King.....R. Staley
Donald—Orphan of Avenel, and White Knight,
V. Hackmann

Gaveston—Steward of the Castle.....L. Roth
Marcolin—Servant of Avenel Castle.....J. McHugh
Dickson—Principal Farmer.....S. Ashton
Hoel—Farm hand of Dickson.....C. Hutchings
McIrton—Justice of the Peace.....C. Dodge
Gabriel—Farm boy.....C. Ortmyer
Randolf—First Peasant.....T. Foley
Edgar—Second Peasant.....P. Scott

MOUNTAINEERS.

Berwick.....A. Filson
Connor.....M. Mahony
Duncan.....J. Rumely
McDonald.....B. Roberts
Martin.....C. Berdel
Carroll.....J. McGuire
Rob Roy.....W. Fletcher
Guy.....J. Shanks
Rollon.....E. Shea
Argyll.....L. Hayes
Manuel.....W. Dodge
Hugh.....J. Walsh
O'Neill.....D. Egan
Robert—Bugler of the Castle.....H. Kinkad

CLERKS OF THE COURT.

Bryan.....D. Hogan
Andrew.....J. Heintz

FARMERS.

Ludwig.....M. Moriarty
Kinross.....L. McOskar
Elgin.....P. Reilly
Hasting.....J. Ward
Henric.....D. Brown
Richard.....R. Lange
William.....C. Morgan
Duff.....J. Taylor
Indulf.....H. Taylor
Reginald—Standard Bearer.....J. Crummey

ATTENDANTS.

Albert.....J. Buehler
McDuff.....J. Ruddiman
Silfried.....D. McGinnis
Jesël.....J. Goeisse
Arthur.....J. Goodhue
Stuart.....V. McKinnon

The following songs and choruses will be sung during the progress of the play:

Mountaineers' Chorus—"Assemble".....Full Chorus
Solo—"Ah, what delight a Soldier knows!".....R. Staley
Duet—"See yonder tower".....C. Hutchings, A. Filson
Solo—"I'm old and very Lonely".....J. McHugh
Solo—"Come, Gentle Knight".....R. Staley
Duet—"Oh, sweet Hope!".....V. Hackmann, R. Staley
Solo and Chorus—"Long Life".....R. Staley and Full Chorus.

The following pieces will be performed by the Notre Dame University Cornet Band, during the evening:

Overture—"Montecchi e Capuletti"—V. Bellini.
Quickstep—"Twinkling Stars."
Quickstep—"Bobbin' Round."
"Tyrolienne"

Polacca—"Would I were a Boy again."

Notre Dame Quickstep.

Firefly Waltz.

"Mocking Bird."

Natalie Waltz.

Schutzen March.

Epilogue.....R. Staley

Closing Remarks.....N. D. U. C. Band

March for Retiring.....N. D. U. C. Band

A New System of Geography.

A SPECIMEN TAKEN FROM THE AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPT.

Q. What is the axis of the earth?

A. The axis of the earth goes around twenty-four hours in a day.

Q. What is meant by the circumference of the earth?

A. The circumference of the earth is a ring.

Q. What is a strait?

A. A strait is a narrow passage of land joining two large portions of water.

Q. Give an example of a strait.

A. Cap. Corn.

Q. How many zones are there?

A. Five zones: two frigid, two temperate, and one horrid.

Q. Mention some of the vegetable products of the temperate zones.

A. Horses, mules, onions, beans, meat, sugar, anything we eat.

Q. What animals are found in the frigid zones?

A. White bear, musk-ox, reindeer, sheepdeer.

Q. Why is it so cold in the frigid zones?

A. Because the reindeer, the musk-ox and the white bear live there.

Q. How many miles make one degree of latitude?

A. 63,000 miles.

Q. What is meant by northern latitude?

A. The north pole.

Q. What is the distance around the earth on the equator?

A. 40,000 miles.

Q. Into how many classes are the inhabitants of the world divided?

A. Into two great classes,—the *romantic*, or wandering tribes, and the civilized; but for the convenience these are further divided into five: African or Black, Caucasian or White, Indian or Red, or American, Malay or Brown, Mongolian or Yellow race.

Q. Give an example of savage tribes?

A. The colored negroes of North America.

This system, it is hoped, will greatly simplify the study of Geography.

A Remarkable Nose.

A worthy scion of the stem Archimedes, demonstrates mathematically that your nose, gentle reader, is as large as an ordinary locomotive engine. Now we do not believe any such thing ourselves, for we know all our readers have fine delicate noses, but as he insists upon the demonstration as conclusive, we give it just as we received it.

Let x =your nose and y =a locomotive engine. Then let the sum $x+y=z$; multiply both sides by $x-y$

$x-y=x-y$ and we have

$x^2-y^2=xz-yz$. Transpose and

we have $x^2-xz=y^2-yz$. Add $\frac{z^2}{4}$ to both

sides to complete the square, then,

$x^2-xz+\frac{z^2}{4}=y^2-yz+\frac{z^2}{4}$ extract

square root and $x-\frac{z}{2}=y-\frac{z}{2}$ take $\frac{z}{2}$ from both sides, and $x=y$; but x = your nose and y =

a locomotive engine, therefore, says the dreadful mathematician, your nose equals a locomotive engine. Horrible mathematician!

Festival and Banquet of the Sodality of the Holy Angels.

It was a custom among the ancients to mark with white, in their calendar, their happy days. Were such a custom in vogue in these unpoetical times, all the members of the Sodality of the Holy Angels would mark with white the feast of the Ascension of our Lord. It was intended to have the banquet of the Sodality on the feast of the Apparition of St. Michael, but unavoidable circumstances compelled the members to postpone it until the 18th of May.

At six o'clock in the morning, Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Father Provincial at which the entire Sodality attended dressed in cassocks and cottas. We may safely say that we have seldom seen so beautiful a sight as we witnessed that morning when nearly all the members of the Sodality, in cassock and cotta, ascended the steps of the altar, and received Holy Communion from the hands of the honored President of the college, who has so kindly interested himself in the well-being of the Society. The silence was not broken

by the fluttering of an angel's wing; but we may well believe that there were many of these celestial spirits hovering around the altar at this solemn and happy moment.

At the conclusion of the Mass, the Very Rev. Father Corby addressed the members in one of the happiest of his many happy discourses of this kind.

After High-Mass, the members of the Sodality of the Holy Angels, accompanied (according to the rules of the two societies, which provide that all social gatherings shall be enjoyed together) by the choristers of the church, repaired to the refectory of the St. Aloysius novitiate to partake of the day's banquet. The refectory had been, the day before, tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens. We noticed especially a large hanging-basket of flowers suspended from the center of the roof. The decorations were made by Messrs. Breckweg, Crumney, Welsh, Foley, R. Staley and McCarthy, under the superintendence of Bro. Benjamin and the director of the Sodality, Mr. A. A. Brown, S. S. C.

The tables were filled to abundance with the good things of the season, and we believe we are correct in saying that the first strawberries of the season graced the feast. The two long rows of tables flanked on both sides by merry faces and presided over by the officers of the two societies formed of themselves a joyous scene. At the conclusion of the dinner whilst the company were enjoying desert, Father Quinn, having been called upon, in his usual eloquent manner thanked, in behalf of the St. Gregory's society, the Sodality for the delightful repast of which they had just partaken. After a few congratulatory remarks to the two societies he took his seat. Mr. A. A. Brown, S. S. C., then arose and made a short speech, in which he strongly advocated a spirit of union between the two societies, intimately connected as they are in the service of the sanctuary. In conclusion, he hoped that that day would be the commencement of a thorough cordiality between the two bodies and that they might always be united both in the service of God and in their social relations with one another.

Happy speeches were also made by Messrs. Mahony, Carr, Zahm, McCarthy and others. Songs were sung by the President of the Holy Angels' Sodality, and by Messrs. VonCeaulbrouke and Filson. Mr. John O'Hara, having been loudly called on for a song, arose and excused himself from singing but professed willingness to make a speech which he did amidst uproarious applause and general excitement. After grace, the party betook themselves to grounds where they enjoyed the afternoon in many out-door amusements and in listening to the music of the band which kindly played on the occasion.

In the evening, after Vespers, the two societies and many invited guests assembled in the College parlor. The entertainment was opened by a *fantasia* on the piano by R. H. McCarthy, Esq., after which Mr. Henry Breckweg, Secretary of the Holy Angels read an address of welcome. This was followed by a song ("Put me in my little bed") by Mr. Alfred Filson, accompanied by Mr. A. A. Brown, S. S. C. Mr. Filson has an excellent soprano voice and with a little cultivation will soon rank as one of our best singers.

Mr. VonCeaulbrouke next favored the company with a poem in French, written for the occasion by Rev. Father Chemin. Prof. Corby then, very kindly, sang one of his many beautiful songs and in answer to an encore, sang "The Ship on Fire." The Professor's abilities are of too high an order and too well known to need any praise here. It is sufficient to say that they were sung in his usual style. Mr. William Gross then read the "Legend of St. William the Acolyte" an original poem written by the Director of the Sodality. After this Mr. Robert Staley, accompanied by Mr. Brown, sang the old, yet ever new, song "The

Last Rose of Summer." We have never heard Mr. Staley sing with better feeling. We used to think that expression was the one thing wanting in his style, but this ballad left nothing to be desired. Prof. Corby again favored the audience with a comic selection from his extensive repertoire. A selection from *Faust* was then given on the piano, after which Dr. Quinn gave an *aria* from *Ernani*.

During the whole of the evening's entertainment refreshments were served, and the large cake made especially for the Sodality by the kind Sisters was dispensed to the assembled guests.

The entertainment closed with a few well-timed remarks by the Very Rev. President of the College who always says the right thing in the right place.

Long may the pious Sodality of the Holy Angels and their colleagues, the choristers of Notre Dame, flourish and may they always be as united and as happy as they were on the glorious feast of the Ascension A. D., 1871. Z.

Scientific Association.

The second regular meeting of the Scientific Association of Notre Dame was held in the College Library on Sunday, May 7th. At this meeting Mr. McCormick read a long and well-written essay on Botany.

The third regular meeting took place on Sunday, May 14th, at which Mr. Zahm read an essay entitled "A Few Thoughts on Science and the Age in which we Live." This essay, though quite long, was listened to with intense interest throughout.

The Rev. President, Father Carrier, announced that he had received from Prof. A. J. Stace several letters of a scientific character, which he thought would be of general interest to the Association. The Secretary then read the Professor's last communication, which was received with evident marks of satisfaction. It is unnecessary to state that the Scientific Association of Notre Dame will always be glad to receive communications from their brother scientist, Prof. Stace, with whose name so many pleasing recollections are associated.

On Sunday, May 21st, the fourth regular meeting was held, as usual in the College Library. On this occasion Mr. Wilson read before the Association an essay on Physiology. After making a few general introductory remarks concerning the importance of Physiology, Mr. Wilson took up the subject of Digestion, which he treated in a clear and methodical manner. T. O'M., Cor Sec.

Base-Ball.

The return game between the Star of the East and Star of the West base ball clubs for the Championship, came off on Wednesday, the 17th inst., on the grounds of the former. The day turned out better than any one anticipated and much excitement prevailed as the two nines took the field at half-past two o'clock. There was every reason to suppose that the game would be closely contested and the "knowing ones" prophesied the defeat of the Juniors. The "copper" persisted in being partial and the Star of the East again led off at the bat.

They succeeded in scoring three runs, and retired, forcing their opponents to content themselves with one. At the end of the third innings things looked discouraging for the Star of the West. Nine to three was bad and portended worse. From this point, however, and when everybody concluded the Star of the East held the game in their own hands, fortune deserted them and the game steadily turned in favor of their opponents. Twelve to twelve on the sixth innings, a "chicago" for the Star of the East, and six tallies for the Star of the West on the seventh, left it no longer doubtful and at the end of the ninth innings the game was

announced twenty-seven to seventeen in favor of the Star of the West.

Some very fine playing was displayed by both sides, as also some decidedly poor muffs and wild throws, by the Juniors during the first part of the game, by the Seniors during the latter part. Staley played well at "short," stopping grounders surely and fearlessly and throwing to bases with an accuracy that could not be excelled. Shields filled the position of "third" to advantage, and made the finest catch of the day in taking Reilly's high fly. Dechant led the score at the bat. Sweeney considered second base a very improper locality for "grounders" to be found wandering around in and summarily punished any that he so found. "Jersey" seemed entirely at home on first-base, and, though treating us to some unaccountable mugging in the fourth innings, proved that in that position the Star of the East were little weakened by the loss of their late efficient captain. Wilson, as usual handled the "ash" successfully, played fairly behind the bat, but threw poorly to second. Walsh maintained his reputation as a pitcher, and significantly remarks: "By dad, some of their heavy batters struck out anyway." Farrell played left field and change pitcher and succeeded in both positions. Murnane captured two very difficult "flies" and did very lucky batting.

As for the Star of the West, their playing needs no specification. From the time that Hogan captured "Jersey's" long fly in the first innings, till "Jimmy" McGuire ended the fun in "taking in" Wilson's foul in the ninth, their playing was excellent. W. Dum did, indeed, prove a failure at "short," but he gloriously redeemed himself by his splendid playing on first. They display the results of good drilling and superior management, and with good reason did their Director, declare himself, on the evening of the 17th, "The proudest man around Notre Dame." They have played seventeen match games, and came off uniformly victorious and are now, without doubt, the Champion Junior Club of the State.

Mr. J. F. McHugh, umpired the game on Wednesday, and gave the most complete satisfaction. Quick, watchful, and obligingly polite, he was well fitted for that responsible position. The following is the

SCORE:

Star of the East	A.	B.	O.	R.	Star of the West	A.	B.	O.	R.
Dechant, r.f.....	3	2	4		S. Dum, 1b.....	3	3	2	
"Jersey," 1b.....	3	3	2		McGuire, c.....	3	4	3	
Murnane, c.f.....	0	2	2		Dodge, l.f.....	2	2	5	
Staley, s.s.....	2	3	1		Reilly, 2b.....	2	3	3	
Walsh, p.....	1	4	1		McOsker, r.f.....	4	2	4	
Farrell, l.f.....	2	3	1		Gault, 3b.....	5	3	2	
Sweeney, 2b.....	0	6	0		Hogan, c.f.....	2	3	4	
Wilson, c.....	2	2	3		W. Dum, s.s.....	0	6	0	
Shields, 3b.....	1	2	3		Ashton, p.....	2	2	4	
Total: - - -	14	27	17		Total: - - -	23	27	27	

Scorers: N. MITCHELL and V. HACKMAN.

Umpire: J. F. McHUGH.

Time of Game: 2:15.

"Joe"

No fools are so troublesome as those who have a little wit.

GAMING, like a quick-sand, swallows up a man in a moment.

It is our own vanity which renders the vanity of others insupportable to us.

FLATTERY is a kind of counterfeit money, to which our vanity gives currency.

A BEAU, dressed out, is like a cinnamon tree—the bark is worth more than the body.

THE surest method of obliging in conversation is to show a pleasure in giving attention.

BELIEVE nothing against another, unless it be proven to a certainty; and never report what may hurt another unless it be a greater hurt to conceal it.

St. Cecilian Papers.

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

When God drove forth man from Eden to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, he was merciful, and scattered over and among the rocks, briars and gloomy scenes of the wilderness, easing, gladdening beauty. He even caused that things in themselves most ugly, should as parts of a whole, be sources of delight. Who will say a tumbling, blackened ruin, a jagged straggling fence, a ragged beggar, a shaggy horse are, intrinsically beautiful—yet what painter has not painted or author described them.

Nature's beauties reach us through every sense, sight, hearing, smell, even taste and feeling. It must also be delightful to explore and examine into the Creator's works; but such pleasure must be left to the gray-heads.

Sight collects for us by far the most charms from nature. The eye, roving over the horizon, develops gay, picturesque, sublime or terrible scenes, or, close at hand, it unfolds some more delicate mechanism of nature, and, having fondly sketched this in the memory, turns for more. In the young gladdening morn and in the fading melancholy evening, one, as it were, a hopeful birth, the other, a peaceful death, nature is beautiful; in the noonday, splendid; in the night, sublime. For, the eye does not stop its labors through the night, but, with queenly Diana, hunts the shades as they flee her silver arrows.

Nature is even as gracious to the hearing. All day long the twitter and chirps of the birds, softly echoing in the groves, or whistling wild over the sedges of the swamps; the humming of the bees singing as if to ease their work; the murmurings of the brooks, as the banks chafe their sides, or mosses and pebbles oppose them; the wind, making Æolian harps out of the trees, bushes and old houses; in-doors the purr of the cat, or the whistle of the canary, all these are beautiful, amusing.

Our sense of smell is not backward in getting us dainties to please and sweetly influence our mind. Blossoms principally, whole plants, even fruits and sometimes trees, ooze forth this wonderful ether. Now a delicate scent soothes us as spicy aroma pleasantly irritates our nostrils, often an overpowering luxury of perfume entrances us.

Even by feeling will nature raise beautiful ideas, thoughts in us. Well I remember, when a bare-footed little chap, how pleasantly sitting on the clover-spotted grassy bank, the wavelets would ripple around, beneath my feet while the long tassel blossoms of the willows overhead tickling my forehead and cheeks would send a delightful sensation through me. How nice it would feel too, when at home, to take up kitten Minnie and stroke her fur downwards, going out into the fields to pat the tired hungry horses, or let bridle's rough tongue lick lovingly my hand. The wind too, how bracing, strengthening, freshening it feels in winter, early spring and autumn, how tenderly in summer it kisses the heat away from our cheeks. Is it not a pleasure too, to press under our feet the springy turf of spring?

As for taste, I may be wrong in saying so, but I think all the pleasure we derive from it is not gross and animal. Often, has one eaten fruits, not because he was hungry, or they tasted good, but because it grew at home, or was plucked by *someone's* hand. If nothing else, it must surely cause wonder, admiration and praise to God on account of the varied and exquisite means he has furnished for the satisfying of our appetite.

D. EGAN.

THESEPIANS, where are ye? Commencement day is near at hand! Disappoint us not!

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

Reparation.

In the report of Honorable Mentions last week, Miss M. Nash's name appeared followed by an "0," instead of a "2." The mistake was due to our overconfidence in the compositor who set up the report, and whose fidelity to "copy" we depended upon too much. We sincerely regret that such a serious mistake should occur, and apologize to the young lady who was thereby placed for a time in an unenviable light.—EDITOR SCHOLASTIC.

[We learn with pleasure that the figure "1" after several names in last week's report of Honorable Mentions, does not mean that only one certificate was received in the two preceding weeks. The names so characterized will be found in the report for the Table of Honor also, which was deemed a sufficient acknowledgment of one certificate in the report.]

ARRIVALS.

Miss Flora Munn,	Fort Wadsworth, Dakota.
" L. G. Rivard,	Kankakee, Ill.
" Ida Reynolds,	Cassopolis, Mich.
" Ella Laverty,	Chicago, Ill.
" B. Hilton,	Chicago, Ill.

TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

May 21.—Misses Fox, Ford, Green, Dickerhoff, Langendeff, Dooley, Shea, L. and N. Duffield, Ogden, Ward, Hoover.

HONORABLE MENTION—SR. DEP'T.

Graduating Class—Misses Niel, Sturgis, Radin, Kirwan, Moriarty, Young, Locke, O'Neill, Millard, Foote, Rhinehart.

First Senior Class—Misses Tuberty, Dillon, Shirland, Kellogg, Marshall, Hogue, Clarke, Forbes, Borup, Hurst, Tinsley, Cornish, Shanks, McMahon, McDougall.

Second Senior Class—Misses Hoyt, Butters, Cochran, Lange, O'Brien, Haymond, Brown, Ray, Reynolds, Shea, Montgomery.

Third Senior Class—Misses Finley, Hendricks, Getty, Millis, Spiers, A. and C. Woods, Plamondon.

First Preparatory Class—Misses Letourneau, Nelson, Wilder, Wood, Falvey, Cable, Wicker, Boyd, Angle, McTaggard, Devoto, Eloyd, Bounell, McGuire, Lane.

Second Preparatory Class—Misses McIntyre, Boyland, Emmonds, Weire, Sutherland, McMahon, Lacy, Duggan, Crevling, Sullivan, Kellogg, Champion.

Third Preparatory Class—Misses Nash, Klassen, Birney, Frazer, Conahan, Drake, Lehmann, Roberts.

The following report was received too late for insertion in last number:

HONORABLE MENTION—JR. DEP'T.

[The figures "1" and "2" indicate that the young lady whose name precedes the figure, has received either one or two tickets for exemplary deportment during the previous two weeks.]

Misses M. Kearney, L. Neil, N. Gross, A. Clark, J. Kearney, M. Kreutzer, M. Quan, B. Frank, E. Blum, A. Robson, L. Tinsley, C. Stanffer, A. Garrity, M. Hoover, S. Honeyman, each 2; Miss F. Rush, 1; Misses M. Quill, J. Duffield, A. Sweeney, M. Faxon, G. Darling, A. Byrnes, E. Horgan, L. Wood, M. Reynolds, F. Prince, L. Harrison, M. Sylvester, L. McGuire, each 2; Misses Ada Garrity, M. Hildroth, M. Gall, each 1; Misses M. Quill, J. Lehmann, K. Loyd, each 2; Misses G. Dehaven, M. DeLong, M. Garrity, each 1; Misses F. Kendal, W. Ely, M. Garel, each 2.

TABLES OF HONOR—JR. DEP'T.

May 3. Misses B. Frank, E. Blum, A. Robson, L. Tinsley, C. Stanffer, A. Garrity, M. Cummings, M. Hoover, S. Honeyman.

May 10. Misses Mary and Margaret Quill, J.

Duffield, A. Sweeney, M. Faxon, F. Munn, G. Darling, A. Byrnes, L. Wood, F. Prince, Mary Garrity, M. Reynolds.

May 17. Misses L. Harrison, M. and G. Kearney, L. Jones, L. Neil, N. Gross, A. Clark, M. Sylvester, A. Burney, J. Hunt, M. Hildreth.

Entertainment by the Pupils of the Academy.

IN HONOR OF THE MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP PURCELL'S VISIT TO ST. MARY'S, NOTRE DAME, MAY 31, 1871.

PROGRAMME:

Overture—Auber.....Misses McMahon, Sherland, and Borup.
Chorus—From *Semiramide*.....Vocal Class.
Address (Sr. Dep't).....Miss Clara Foote.
"Bolero Capriciosa"—Hiller.....Miss Clara Foote.
German Address.....Miss M. Kreutzer.
Vocal Duet.....Misses Cornish and Ward.
Address.....Miss Katie Brown.
Ballad.....Miss K. McMahon.
French Address.....Miss M. Sherland.
Bravura Song.....Miss J. Hynds.
Address from the Graduates.....Miss Hattie Niel.
Laughing Trio.....Misses Hurst, Robson, and Quan.
Rhapsodie Hongroise—Liszt.....Misses Hynds, Sherland.
Prologue.....Miss L. Ogden.

"Isabella of Castile."

SCENE I.—THE MOORS.

Ophie.....Miss A. Borup.
Zuleimna.....Miss J. Forbes.
Elsie—A Spy.....Miss B. Randall.
Sultana Axya—Mother of Boabdil.....Miss L. Marshall.
Persio—An Attendant.....Miss G. Sturgis.
Sultana Hinda—Wife of Boabdil.....Miss C. Foote.
Jza.....Miss B. O'Neil.
Zara.....Miss M. Sherland.
Zayda.....Miss N. Moriarty.
Caprice—Fantasia—Ketterer.....Miss K. Young.

SCENE II.

Queen Isabella.....Miss N. Millard.
Donna Henrietta.....Miss J. Hogue.
Donna Maria.....Miss A. Locke.
Infanta Catherine.....Miss H. Niel.
Song—"Angels ever bright"—Handel.....Miss Ward.
TABLEAU—"Angel crowning Isabella."
Angel.....Miss M. Shanks.
Music—Polonaise, E♭ Minor—Chopin.....Miss J. Hynds.

SCENE III.—THE MOORS.

Ballad.....Miss Montgomery.

SCENE IV.

Infanta Catherine.....Miss H. Niel.
" Maria.....Miss G. Hurst.
" Joanna.....Miss M. Tuberty.
" Isabella.....Miss H. Tinsley.
Song.....Miss B. Randall.

SCENE V.

Donna Mercedes.....Miss A. Radin.
Donna Agnes.....Miss A. Rhinehart.
Donna Francesca.....K. McMahon.
Gertrude.....M. Kirwan.
Ozema—Indian Princess.....M. Dillon.
Mayunka.....M. Kellogg.
Nina.....E. A. Clark.
Fantasia—Ascher.....M. Kirwan.

"The Merry Maidens."

A PLAY, BY THIRTY MERRY JUNIORS.

Vocal Trio—"Protect us through the coming night."
Misses Smythe, Randal, and Hynds.
Closing Remarks.....
Moorish Union Galop for Retiring.....Misses Clark and Plamondon.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

Summer Arrangement.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.			
Leave South Bend	9 46 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo	4 10 a. m.
" "	12 20 p. m.	" "	4 10 a. m.
" "	9 17 p. m.	" "	2 00 p. m.
" "	12 35 a. m.	" "	5 30 p. m.
Way Freight,	3 20 p. m.	" "	6 50 p. m.
GOING WEST.			
Leave South Bend	3 53 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago	7 20 p. m.
" "	3 13 a. m.	" "	6 50 a. m.
" "	5 00 a. m.	" "	8 20 a. m.
" "	4 53 p. m.	" "	8 20 p. m.
Way Freight,	11 55 a. m.	" "	11 40 p. m.